

Strong of New York, Elmer Ellsworth Brown of Washington, D. C. and Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis of Brooklyn.

The Mothers' Congress is thoroughly organized. It reaches from the national organization to the little circle of homey mothers who meet in a schoolroom or at a home in the neighborhood.

—O—O—

* MOTHER LOVE *

* What Happened to the Girl *
* Who Ran Away From Home *

The older woman stood in the door as if to bar entrance. A bleak wind swept across the barren New England farm.

"I don't know you," she repeated.

"I didn't know," the young woman began, and there was a catch in her rich, low voice—"I didn't know it would be so hard. When I left home—when I ran away—"

"That was 15 years ago," broke in the older. "When your father—when my husband died five years ago your name was not upon his lips."

"He was a hard man," defended the other. "When he knew I had talent, when he knew my mind was set upon the stage, he might have yielded. He brought your life into bitterness and—I'm afraid—he has ruined mine."

"He was your father," replied the older woman, inexorably. "and you had your way."

She led the way into the sel-

dom used parlor, then sat stiffly upright on a haircloth chair, folding her worn hands into her apron. The actress swept rustling to the black sofa.

"You make it hard for me, mother," she said. "But I have come back to ask for another chance. It isn't too late yet for me to be your daughter again—we can love away the memory of what has passed."

"Not too late?" cried the mother. "Not too late for the great 'Mademoiselle Jeanne' to find a broken old woman on an impoverished farm somewhere and proclaim her as her mother? What would the grand friends of Mademoiselle Jeanne think of— But I won't argue it with you."

"As if I would care what they thought," cried the actress proudly. "I want you, mother, as I never did before—I need you—"

"You spoke of your life being ruined," said her mother. "Is it—a man?"

"I love him," she said, simply. "Go on."

"Oh, it has made such a change in me! It has touched my heartless, ambitious life with a magic wand and turned it into tenderness and misery—mother—"

"Is there something—have you come here to tell me there is some reason why you should not marry him?"

"Mother, look at me. In the way you are thinking of I am worthy to be his wife."

The older woman gazed steadily for a moment. "I believe you," she said.